



TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!

10c

No. 7

EERIE


© 1938 Fox Film Corp.



**BLOOD for
the VAMPIRE!
The GHOUL
WALKS!
NIGHTMARE!
BLACK means
DEATH!**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THEY SAY THIS HAPPENED
MANY YEARS AGO, IN THE
TYROLEAN ALPS, NEAR WHAT
WAS THEN THE SMALL HAMLET
OF RAVENNES! IT NEED NOT
FRIGHTEN YOU -- NOT THE FIRST
PART OF IT ANYWAY! YOU SEE, IT
BEGAN AS JUST A LEGEND,
ONE OF THOSE TALES OF HORROR
HANDLED DOWN FROM
FATHER TO SON THROUGH THE
GENERATIONS! THE TALE OF
A TERRIBLE THIRSTING THING!
THEY CALL IT--

BLOOD FOR THE VAMPIRE!

HA! HA!

WE MUST MAKE
THE TOWN OFFICIALS
OPEN ERIK LUSTVEG'S
GRAVE!

WE MUST
DRIVE
A STAKE
INTO
THE BODY!

LOOK!
LOOK!
THERE!

THE BOAR'S HEAD WAS A MOUNTAIN INN/ JOHANN
LUSTVEG AND HIS WIFE, WHO OWNED IT, WERE
SIMPLE MOUNTAIN FOLK...

JOHANN, IT IS TOO BAD WE
NEVER HAD A LITTLE SON,
A LITTLE BROTHER TO PLAY
WITH ANNA NOW.

YES, MARTA! IT
IS!

THEY WANTED ANOTHER CHILD SO BADLY! AND THEN ONE DAY...



...A BABY! ABANDONED HERE!

A BOY! THEY BROUGHT HIM UP AS THEIR OWN!



WE WILL NAME HIM ERIK!
GOOD! A NICE NAME!
A LITTLE BROTHER FOR ME! I LOVE HIM!

BUT IN SPIKE OF ALL THEIR LOVE HE GREW TO BE A VERY STRANGE LITTLE BOY!



ERIK, DEAR, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU KNOW WE ALL LOVE YOU!
...I OON'T LOVE HIM! UGH! I--I'M AFRAID OF HIM!
YAH! YOU LEMME ALONE!

PASSING TRAVELERS OFTEN SPENT A DAY OR TWO AT THE INN! AND ONE MORNING, WHEN ERIK WAS ABOUT TEN...

THAT BOY OF YOURS STOLE MY MONEY! I SAW HIM JUST NOW, SNEAKING OUT OF MY ROOM!



WHA...?!



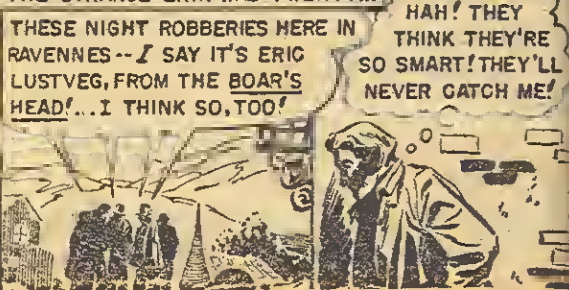
IT'S TRUE! HERE'S YOUR POCKETBOOK, SIR! OH, I'M SO SORRY!
WELL, ALL RIGHT! IF HE WERE MINE I'D GIVE HIM A GOOD THRASHING!
YAH!

CERTAINLY THE KINDLY COUPLE DID THEIR BEST WITH ERIK! BUT... I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO! THE BOY SEEMS POSSESSED BY SOME DEVIL!



AND WE TRY SO HARD!

POSSESSED BY SOME OEVIL! PROPHETIC WORDS! WHEN THE STRANGE ERIK WAS TWENTY...



THESE NIGHT ROBBERIES HERE IN RAVENNES--I SAY IT'S ERIC LUSTVEG, FROM THE BOAR'S HEAD!...I THINK SO, TOO!
HAH! THEY THINK THEY'RE SO SMART! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME!

ONE NIGHT AT THE INN, THE
BLE THING HAPPENED...

THE INN-KEEPER'S BOY?
YOU LUSTVEG! LUSTVEG--
HERE!



YOU SHUT UP!

RISING, MANIACAL DEMON, SUD-
DENLY UNLEASHED! WITHIN A MOMENT
THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT, THE BOAR'S
INN WAS A GRIMSON SHAMBLES...

HELP! HA-
HELP! HA!

NO ONE WILL
EVER GET ME!



COURSE WE IN AMERICA, IN THIS
AND AGE, DON'T BELIEVE IN SUCH
THINGS! BUT THE SIMPLE MOUNTAIN
PEOPLE OF RAVENNES-- **THEY KNEW!**
AND THAT NIGHT...



POSSESSED BY SOME DEVIL? **SOME-
THING TERRIBLE WAS UNLEASHED
WITHIN ERIK LUSTVEG!**

I TOLD YOU, ERIK? WHAT'S THE
SNUT UP! MATTER IN
THERE?



HELP!
HELP!

EVERYONE IN RAVENNES JOINED
THE SEARCH FOR THE MAD
MURDERER! AT LAST, IN A
MOUNTAIN CAVE, LIKE AN
ANIMAL THEY CAUGHT HIM!
HE WOULD HAVE BEEN HUNG
IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE! BUT...



YOU THINK I / WHA?
CANNOT ESCAPE?
HAH!

TERRIBLE THING! LIVING DEAD
BODY-- A SACRILEGE, ONE OF
THE DARK WONDERS WE ARE
NOT MEANT TO UNDERSTAND!



THE
VAMPIRE!
EEOOW!
HELP!



ERIK! ERIK--
WHA--?!

DHN--
HE'S KILLED
M'SIEU PEROT!

HA! HA!
YOU'LL
NEVER
LIVE TO
TELL ON
ME!

BEFORE THEY COULD STOP HIM,
ERIK LUSTVEG HAD SLASHED HIS
THROAT...



HE KILLED
HIMSELF!
A SUICIDE!

AN EVIL MAN WHO
COMMITTS SUICIDE--
WILL BECOME
A VAMPIRE!

A VAMPIRE!..
OHHH-- WE ARE
ALL DDDMED!...

AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER...
REPLENISHING ITSELF FROM
DARK TO DAWN...



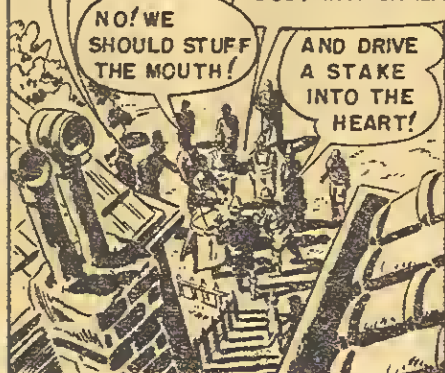
THE BODY OF ERIK LUSTVEG HAD BEEN INTERRED IN JOHANN LUSTVEG'S FAMILY VAULTS, AND THE NEXT DAY THE TERRIFIED VILLAGERS...

THE LUSTVEG VAULT MUST BE OPENED!

WE MUST BURN ERIK'S BODY WITH GARLIC!

NO! WE SHOULD STUFF THE MOUTH!

AND DRIVE A STAKE INTO THE HEART!



THE VAMPIRE COULD BE KILLED! BUT THAT DAY, WHEN THE VAULT WAS OPENED... THE VAMPIRE STOLE ITS COFFIN! BORE IT AWAY TO SOME SECRET HIDING PLACE, WHERE IT CAN REST BY DAY! WE ARE DOOMED...DOOMED!



JUST A LEGEND OF LONG AGO!



BUT WAIT! IN 1951, IN A SMALL TOWN HERE IN AMERICA, THERE IS A YOUNG COUPLE NAMED ROD AND DOT BLAIR! HERE IS WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM-- JUST LAST YEAR!

THIS WAS JUST LAST SUMMER...

THE MAIL OUGHT TO BE SORTED BY NOW! LET'S DRIVE DOWN TO THE POST OFFICE, DOT!

OKAY!



ROD, HERE'S A LETTER FROM MY UNCLE PAUL'S LAWYER! IN INDIA, BENARES--UNCLE PAUL DIED THERE LAST MONTH!

THAT UNCLE PAUL LUSTVEG WHOM YOU HAVEN'T SEEN SINCE YOU WERE A KID? WHAT'S THE LETTER SAY?



YOUNG DOT BLAIR KNEW NOTHING OF HER FAMILY! THERE WAS ONLY LUSTVEG, WHO FOR YEARS HAD LIVED IN THE FAR EAST...

UNCLE PAUL HAS LEFT ME AN OLD HOUSE OVER IN THE ALPS! NEAR A PLACE CALLED RAVENNES! MY FAMILY LIVED THERE LONG AGO!

YEAH? WONDER IF IT'S WORTH MUCH NOW?



ROD WAS ON VACATION! THEY DECIDED IT WOULD BE FUN TO GO AND INVESTIGATE!

IT WAS ONCE AN INN! OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS! BUT NOBODY'S LIVED IN IT FOR HEAVEN KNOWS HOW LONG! UNCLE PAUL HIMSELF WOULDN'T EVER GO THERE!

MAYBE WE COULD SELL IT FOR A LITTLE SOME THING, ANYWAY!



NEAR NIGHTFALL, ONE SUMMER
EVENING, ROD AND DOT BLAIR
APPROACHED RAVENNES! IT'S
LARGER NOW--BUT IN MANY
WAYS IT'S JUST THE SAME!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A PLAGE
THEY CALLED BOAR'S HEAD INN!

EVER HEARD
OF IT?

THE
LUST'VEG
PLAGE! OH
YES, I'VE
HEARD OF IT!



NO ONE GOES THERE! YOU
MUST NOT, M'SIEU! THINGS
MOST TERRIBLE HAVE
HAPPENED THERE!

YEAH? TELL
US!



THE OLD MAN GARBLED THE TALE, AS
OLD PEOPLE WILL! IT DID NOT
FRIGHTEN YOUNG ROD BLAIR!

A VAMPIRE! SURE, WE HAVE 'EM IN
AMERICA! LITTLE ONES THAT FILL
UP WITH YOUR BLOOD! MOSQUITOS!
HA! HA!

FOOLS! JUST
FOOLS...



BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM SO FUNNY, WHEN PRESENTLY...



WELL, IT'S SURE
FALLING APART!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK!
WE'VE GOT GANDLES
AND A FLASHLIGHT!

THERE'S
A STORM
GOMING---
OH, ROD?!

GRIM, BROODING PLAGE! WHATEVER SPIRIT OF
ADVENTURE THEY HAD WAS SOON GONE!

SURE IS A WRECK,
ISN'T IT?

OH, ROD-- PLEASE-- LET'S
GET OUT OF HERE!



BUT AT THAT
MOMENT THE
STORM OUTSIDE
BROKE WITH
WEIRD MOUN-
TAIN FURY!

AND INSIDE THE MOULDERING
OLD BUILDING ... COULDN'T

DRIVE IN THIS STORM! MAYBE I
CAN FIND SOME FIREWOOD IN
THE GELLAR!

OH, ROD! DON'T
LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M
GOMING WITH YOU!



JUST BRASH YOUNG FOOLS! THEY WOULD TELL YOU THAT NOW, IF YOU MET THEM!

LOOK! AN OLD COFFIN!

THE VAMPIRE'S COFFIN! OH, ROD--WHAT THE OLD MAN WAS TELLING US--THE VAMPIRE HID HIS COFFIN SOMEWHERE! ROO, MAYBE HIS STORY *WAS TRUE!*



THAT LETTER I GOT SAID NOTHING ABOUT A CARETAKER!

MAYBE THE LAWYER GOT IT MIXED, DOT--WE'RE JUST THINKING CRAZY THINGS!

THIS WAY, PLEASE!



NONSENSE! WHA?! WHO ARE YOU?

I AM JACOB TARL-- THE CARE TAKER HERE! THE STORM DROVE YOU IN? WELCOME! COME UP-STAIRS! I WILL MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE!

T--THANK YOU! UNTIL THE STORM HAS PASSED!



IT WAS A FESTERING OLD ROOM, DANK WITH THE SMELL OF YEARS...

I WILL LEAVE YOU, NOW!

YES! T-THANKS!



AND AS HE LEFT...

ROD, LOOK! THERE'S NO REFLECTION IN THAT MIRROR!

WHA--?!



ROD BLAIR, FROM MODERN AMERICA, STILL WAS TRYING TO TELL HIMSELF NOT TO BELIEVE SUCH WILD THINGS...

WE'LL WAIT TILL THE STORM LETS UP, THEN WE'LL BEAT IT!

OH, ROO,

I'M SO FRIGHTENED! VAMPIRES SOMETIMES TAKE HUMAN FORM-- AND A MIRROR DOESN'T REFLECT THEM!



ALL RIGHT !IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO THAT CRAZY OLO STUFF, I'LL FIX IT! AFTER ALL, THIS IS OUR HOUSE, ISN'T IT? IF THERE'S A VAMPIRE IN IT-- I'LL ORIVE A STAKE INTO HIM, THAT'LL FIX HIM, WON'T IT!

OHH--!



IT'S JUST ABOUT DAWN! HE'D
BE IN HIS COFFIN WOULDN'T
HE? COME ON!



DOWN THROUGH THE ROTTING OLD HOUSE THEY CREEPT... THEN, IN THE
CELLAR, AS ROO LIFTED THE COFFIN LID... EMPTY! OKAY, ROO!



SO HE ISN'T A VAMPIRE! JUST A
TRAMP LIVING IN OUR HOUSE!
WHA...?

RAVENING, GHASTLY CREATURE, OUT FROM ITS ILL-
OMENED SEPULCHRE... HELLISH NOW WITH UNHOLY
THIRST... IT CAME
LEAPING AT
THEM!



DESPERATELY ROO AND OOT BLAIR FOUGHT FOR
THEIR LIVES...



FATE? WHAT YOU WILL-- AT THAT INSTANT OUTSIDE,
THE ROSY DAWN WAS BREAKING THROUGH THE
STORM-CLOUDS! AND SUDDENLY...



AS THE GRISLY THING
SLUNK BACK TO ITS COFFIN,
ROD POUNCED THE STAKE
INTO ITS HEART!!

HORROR CAN ORAIN
THE SENSES...

THERE! THAT'LL KILL IT
FOREVER!



POOR KID, SHE'S
FAINTED...



LIKE FIRE IN DRY PRAIRIE GRASS THE FLAMES SPREAD, AND...



... I'LL MAKE IT!
... GOT TO!..

THE MOUNTAINEERS GATHERED! ROD WASN'T JIBING AT THEIR OLD LEGEND NOW...

I POUNDED A STAKE INTO IT! POUNDED AND POUNDED! I KILLED IT!
YOU USED MORE THAN ONE BLOW?
OH, M'SIEU, THERE MUST BE ONLY ONE BLOW TO KILL A VAMPIRE!
HE DID NOT KILL IT!
OHHH--- THERE IT GOES!



HA!
HA!

NOTHING FOR US TO BE AFRAID OF THAT WAS 3000 MILES FROM HERE! AND SOME SAY THAT VAMPIRES CANNOT CROSS SALT WATER-- BUT OTHERS SAY THEY CAN! ONLY A MONTH AGO, AT A SMALL AMERICAN HOSPITAL WHICH PREFERRED TO REMAIN NAMELESS...

WHEN HE GETS THIS BLOOD TRANSFUSION, HE'LL BE BETTER! PROBABLY SAVED HIS LIFE!... WHA---?



THERE WAS SUCH A COMMOTION IN THE LITTLE HOSPITAL THAT THE GHASTLY THING WINGED AWAY...

LOOK! THERE IT GOES! WHAT WAS IT?

A VAMPIRE!
IT'S A VAMPIRE!



THAT WAS HERE, IN AMERICA--AND ONLY LAST MONTH! THE UNHOLY CREATURE WHICH WAS ONCE THE VILLAINOUS ERIK LUSTVEG IS ABROAD! WHERE IS IT NOW? WHERE WILL IT BE TONIGHT? ANY ONE OF US, GLANCING AT OUR WINDOW, MAY SEE THE...



ROY AND DOT EVANS CERTAINLY DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! THAT STORMY NIGHT, THEIR DISABLED CAR, THE WEIRD OLD HOUSE WHERE THEY TOOK REFUGE--- ALL THAT SEEMED JUST AN INTERESTING ADVENTURE! BUT THEY THOUGHT DIFFERENTLY WHEN SUDDENLY THEY WERE PLUNGED INTO THE BLOOD-CHILLING

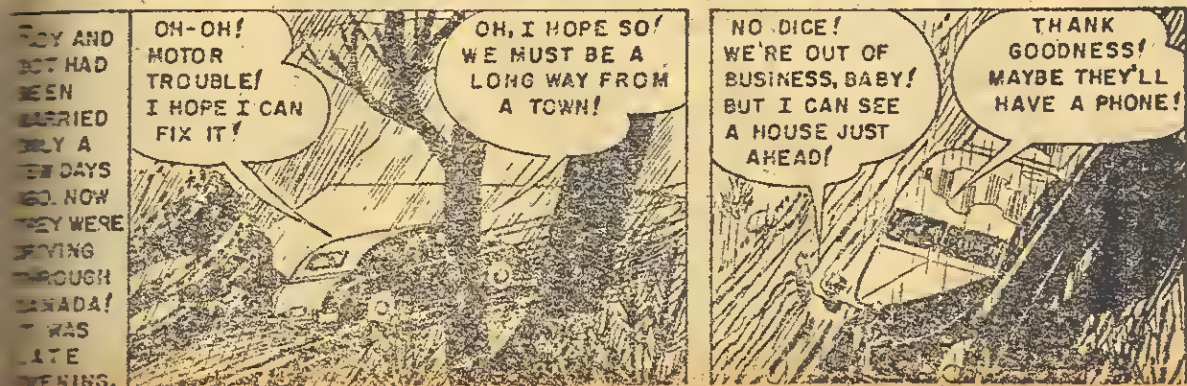
HAUNTED HONEYMOON



THERE IT IS. THAT'S LARRY! I WON'T KILL YOU, LARRY! I DIDN'T!

THE GHOST! DOT, DO YOU SEE IT, TOO?

YES! YES! OH, ROY!?



OH-OH! MOTOR TROUBLE! I HOPE I CAN FIX IT!

OH, I HOPE SO! WE MUST BE A LONG WAY FROM A TOWN!

NO DICE! WE'RE OUT OF BUSINESS, BABY! BUT I CAN SEE A HOUSE JUST AHEAD!

THANK GOODNESS! MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE A PHONE!



IT'S SO DARK!
WONDER IF ANYBODY
LIVES HERE?

WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT!



THE RAIN PUT
OUR GAR OUT OF
COMMISSION!

WE WANT TO
PHONE A GARAGE!

COME IN!

BUT THERE WAS NO PHONE! AND THEY HAD
PASSED NO OTHER HOUSE WITHIN MILES!
THE OLD MAN SEEMED HOSPITABLE...

MY NAME IS JOHN
FRANE! I LIVE ALONE
HERE! DRY YOURSELVES
BY THE FIRE, AND I'LL
MAKE YOU GOFFEE...

THANKS! IF WE COULD
STAY TILL THE STORM
LETS UP--?

YOU'RE
VERY KIND!



YOU'RE WELGOME TO STAY!
I--I GUESS I'LL BE GLAD
OF A LITTLE COMPANY
FOR A GHANGE!

THIS FIRE
CERTAINLY
FEELS GOOD!



THEY COULD
HEAR HIS
GLUMPING
STEPS ECHO
THROUGH
THE MUSTY
OLD HALL-
WAY. THEN
THERE WAS
SILENCE,
WITH ONLY
THE ROAR OF
THE
STORM
OUTSIDE!



SEEM LIKE
A NIGE OLD
MAN!

SAY, LOOK AT THIS! *RECORDS
OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY
FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH!*
TWENTY VOLUMES OF IT! AN'
THIS ONE--DOYLE'S *PROBING
THE UNKNOWN!*

BLAKE'S *STUDIES IN OCCULTISM!*
JOHNSON'S *GHOSTS I HAVE MET!*
AMMO'S *THE DEAD NEVER
DIE!* MILLER'S *BEWARE
THE DEAD--* SAY, THIS
OLD FELLOW'S SURE
INTERESTED IN
GHOSTS!

WELL!



AND PRESENTLY, WHEN FRANE HAD BROUGHT THE COFFEE...

I'VE BEEN LOOKING OVER YOUR BOOKS!

OH! YES, I --- THAT'S A SUBJECT WHICH INTERESTS ME...



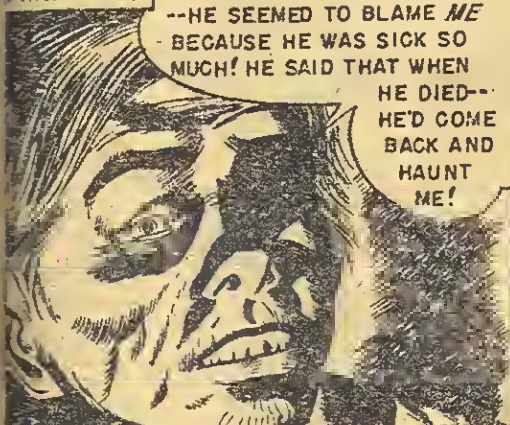
THEY SAY YOU CAN BE HAUNTED BY SOMEONE WHO HATED YOU AND DIED! YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT, DO YOU? DO YOU?

NOT ME! GHOST STUFF... I CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!



SUDDENLY THE OLD MAN SEEMED DESPERATELY FRIGHTENED!

I HAD A WARD--LARRY WAS ALWAYS FRAIL AND DELICATE --AND SIX MONTHS AGO, HE DIED! HE WAS ONLY EIGHTEEN --I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT HE --HE SEEMED TO BLAME ME BECAUSE HE WAS SICK SO MUCH! HE SAID THAT WHEN HE DIED-- HE'D COME BACK AND HAUNT ME!



IMAGINATION CAN PLAY STRANGE TRICKS! WAS IT JUST THE QUIVERING VOICE OF THE FRIGHTENED OLD MAN, MAKING THEM THINK THAT THEY COULD SEE THE PHANTOM OF LARRY, HOVERING HERE NOW?

I'M FRIGHTENED ALL THE TIME! TELL ME I'M JUST FOOLISH!

OF COURSE YOU ARE! YOU'VE READ TOO MUCH OF THAT STUFF!

BUT--BUT LOOK OVER THERE!



YOU CAN DISPELL A PHANTOM BY SCOFFING, SOMETIMES!

SEE? NOTHING'S HERE! YOU CAN IMAGINE ANYTHING, IF YOU TRY HARD ENOUGH!

YOU--YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE!

Y-YES! OF COURSE!



OUTSIDE THE WEIRD OLD HOUSE, THE STORM WAS ROARING HARDER THAN EVER! PRESENTLY--!

I CAN'T LET YOU GO OUT IN SUCH A STORM! IN THE MORNING---

BUT WE HATE TO PUT YOU TO TROUBLE--



ROY GOT THEIR SUITCASE FROM THE CAR, AND AS THE OLD MAN LED THEM UPSTAIRS...

YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE HERE!

I'M SURE WE WILL!

THANKS A LOT!

YOU'VE GIVEN ME *NEW COURAGE!* I'M NOT AFRAID NOW!

OF COURSE YOU'RE NOT! GOODNIGHT!

THEN WHEN HE HAD GONE...

ROY! I---I'M SCARED!

WHA--?

THAT BOY LARRY... *WHY* DID HE HATE HIS GUARDIAN? OH, ROY, IT SOUNDS TO ME AS IF---

SAY, I HADN'T THOUGHT OF *THAT* ANGLE! YOU...?

SUPPOSE HE *KILLED* THAT BOY! AND NOW...!

...AND NOW HE'S AFRAID THE KID IS HAUNTING HIM! OH, WELL, IT'S NOT OUR AFFAIR!

NOT THEIR AFFAIR! BUT PRESENTLY...

ROY! WHAT'S THAT? I THOUGHT I HEARD...

WHAT? I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING!

IT COULD HAVE BEEN A LOW MOAN, MINGLING WITH THE NOISES OF THE STORM! AND THEN IT CAME AGAIN... FAR AWAY, DOWN IN THE CREAKING OLD HOUSE...!

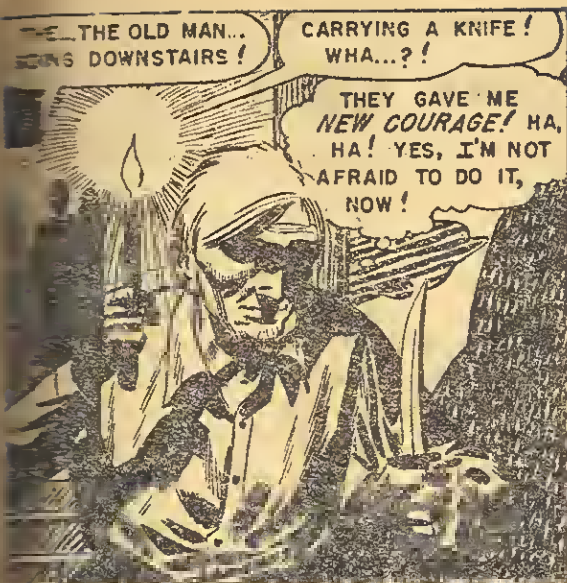
WHA--?

AND THEN, SUDDENLY...

FOOTSTEPS! *THAT'S* NO GHOST!

CLUMP!
CLUMP!
CLUMP!

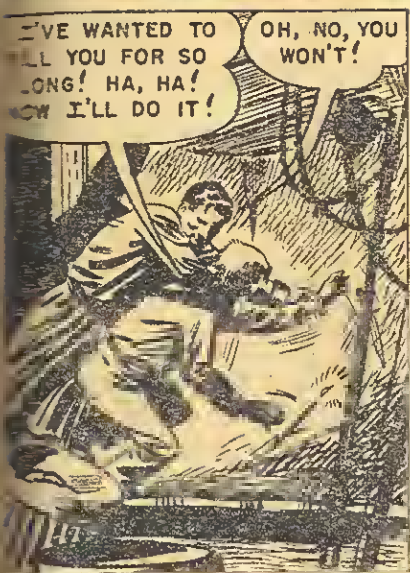
ROY!
ROY!



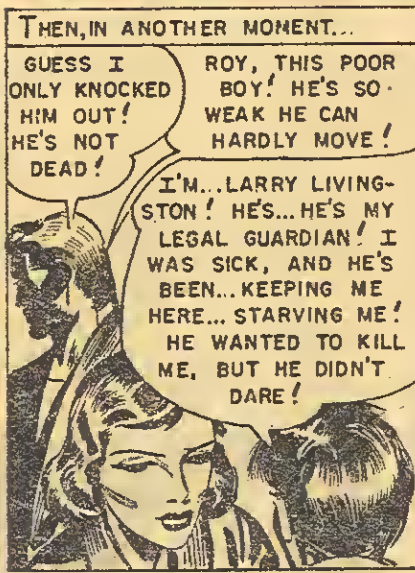
CARRYING A KNIFE!
WHA...?!
THEY GAVE ME
NEW COURAGE! HA,
HA! YES, I'M NOT
AFRAID TO DO IT,
NOW!



DOWN IN A LOCKED CELLAR ROOM...
HA...HA! I'VE
BEEN SILLY! I'M
NOT AFRAID OF
GHOSTS...
WHA...?!



OH, NO, YOU
WON'T!



THEN, IN ANOTHER MOMENT...
GUESS I
ONLY KNOCKED
HIM OUT!
HE'S NOT
DEAD!

ROY, THIS POOR
BOY! HE'S SO
WEAK HE CAN
HARDLY MOVE!
I'M... LARRY LIVING-
STON! HE'S... HE'S MY
LEGAL GUARDIAN! I
WAS SICK, AND HE'S
BEEN... KEEPING ME
HERE... STARVING ME!
HE WANTED TO KILL
ME, BUT HE DIDN'T
DARE!

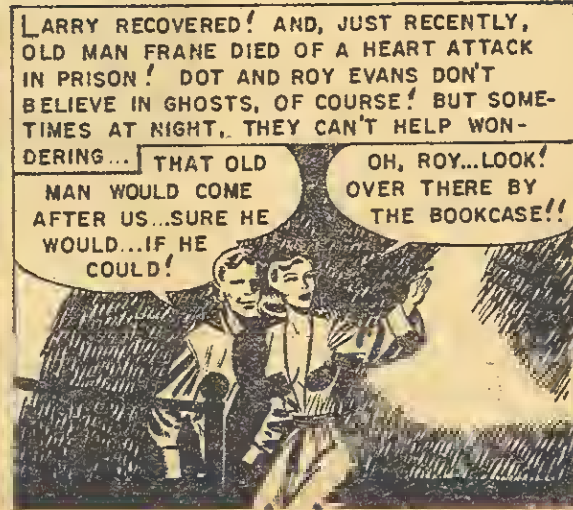


HE'S BEEN STEALING
THE FORTUNE MY
MOTHER LEFT ME!
HE'S BEEN TRYING TO
GET UP COURAGE TO
KILL ME! BUT I KNEW
HE WAS AFRAID OF
GHOSTS!
AND WE
TOLD HIM NOT
TO BE AFRAID!



AND WE'LL GET YOU
TO A HOSPITAL! YOU
POOR KID!

I'LL BE
ALL RIGHT
NOW!



LARRY RECOVERED! AND, JUST RECENTLY,
OLD MAN FRANE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK
IN PRISON! DOT AND ROY EVANS DON'T
BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, OF COURSE! BUT SOME-
TIMES AT NIGHT, THEY CAN'T HELP WON-
DERING... THAT OLD
MAN WOULD COME
AFTER US... SURE HE
WOULD... IF HE
COULD!

OH, ROY... LOOK!
OVER THERE BY
THE BOOKCASE!!

HOUNDS from HELL

This curious story is a true one. It took place in an isolated corner of the world, New Zealand, and it concerns a man who was perhaps not entirely human himself.

The man's name was Belter and he was of partly European origin and partly of native Maori stock. He was a hired man on a large sheep ranch in those Pacific islands. Where he came from the other ranchers never found out, because he never spoke of his past, but help was scarce and he was bired. He proved to have an unusual way with sheep: he seemed to know what they would do in advance—and he could see in the dark better than any normal man should be able to. His eyes were dark and had a strange lustre all of their own. He said that when he wanted to see something at night, though it might be total blackness, that object would light up itself with a strange glow that only he could see. No one could explain his mysterious gift, but he proved it many times.

He slept in a small cabin of his own, but it was noticed after a while that he was becoming very restless. The manager of the ranch did not want to lose him, for his strange talent was valuable. Belter finally said that he became very nervous alone and would sleep better if the manager would agree to move in with him and share his cabin for a week or so. This the manager agreed to do.

That night Belter fell asleep very promptly and very soundly. The manager, an Englishman named Ferris, finally fell asleep too. Sometime later he awakened. The door of the cabin, which had been closed, was now open. The light of the full moon was streaming in, and the place was full of dogs! They were big black hounds and there were about six of them! They were jumping around, playing. One of them was standing on his bed, and another nuzzling at his face! In the other cot, Belter was still sound asleep.

Ferris says that he merely felt very angry and annoyed. He pushed the two dogs on his bed away, got out of bed, and shooing the big black dogs outside, closed the door again. Then got back into bed and fell asleep.



A little later he awakened once more. The room was silent, the door closed, and by the light of the moon he saw that Belter was in even deeper sleep, his face white in the moon's rays. But something was trying to pull the blanket off Ferris's bed!

Angry and still half asleep.

Ferris pulled back at the blankets. It became a sort of tug of war, for whatever was at the other end was strong and determined. Ferris now became fully awake, sat up in bed, and reached back to grab a better hold on his blanket. Instead he grabbed someone's hand!

He pulled, and the hand came away, and he held it up in the moonlight before his eyes and looked at it! There was no body and no arm attached to it! It was hairy and dark-skinned and the fingers had curved claws! And it writhed and squirmed in his grasp! In great terror, Ferris threw the horrible thing away from him into the darkness, and fell back in shock.

He lost consciousness. It was morning when he opened his eyes. Belter woke up at the same time and announced that he had had a perfect night's rest for once. Nothing had disturbed him. Ferris remembered the horror of the hand, and blurted out to Belter what had happened with that dreadful thing.

Belter turned pale. Yes, he had heard of the hand. He had never seen it, for it had never bothered him, but several men who had shared his nights had been annoyed by it. "But," he added, "you know you were lucky to have only that hand. The worst of it was not the hand at all. The thing that I fear most is to be visited in the night by the big black Hounds of Hell!"

THE GHOSTLY DINERS

In a certain house on Royal Street in the old quarter of New Orleans there is a room which is carefully locked and whose windows are boarded up. It seems a shame, for this room occupies a prominent position in the house, which was formerly the mansion of a very wealthy family dating from the pre-Civil War days. This room was once the dining room. The family that now resides in this house do not dine there; they prefer to take their meals in what was once a library.

It is not easy to find out why this dining room is boarded up and not used. The family does not care to speak of it. When you have to live in a house, you would rather forget certain uneasy things that have gone on in it. And they still go on, as people could testify if they would. If you put your ear to the locked door on certain nights of the year at a little after midnight, you can hear the sounds of knives and forks, of plates being passed, and the dim murmur of conversation. But the room is empty!

As the story goes, sometime before the War Between the States, in the days of slavery, the house belonged to a French family whose income was derived from a series of extensive plantations inland. They were wealthy and their home was a model of great luxury, having many black servants.

The eldest son of that family had gone to France to study, and had returned home several

years later with a wife. This girl was haughtier, if possible, than the family into which she had married and very soon made herself hated by the servants.

Now the Negro household help were slaves, yet they had been raised by the family who had treated them with great kindness, as kindness went in those days. A slave who attended a household was considered far superior to his black fellows in the field and so conducted himself. But to the new wife, the future mistress of the household, they were people for whom she had no kindness.



Probably because she was not used to dark-skinned people, she was afraid of them. But this fear she concealed by a cruelty utterly unnecessary. Very rapidly she alienated the servants, who tried in what little ways they could to avoid her.

The payoff was to come after two years, when, emboldened by her power, she persuaded the master of the house to send one of the serving girls

back to the plantation. This girl had incurred her wrath by what seemed to her to be insolence.

The colored girl was justly upset — and what was worse, one of the servants who was planning to take her to wife, was more so. This man planned revenge.

When the family sat down to dinner on the occasion of the son's marriage anniversary, they sat down to food that had been poisoned by the angry slave. They were found next morning by the butler, still sitting at their table, in various positions of agony. The toast they had drunk to the health of the young wife had carried an instant poison. But the French girl had not drunk it. She was crouched in a corner of the room, gibbering in insanity.

Another family bought the house. But they soon learned that annually, on the night of the mass death, that room *re-lived it!* A number of times they heard the noises in the dining room, came down with tapers and looked in. Seated in the dim light could be seen the shadowy forms of the reveling family, going through the motions of eating that last horrible dinner.

Finally the room was boarded up, as it is today. So far the ghosts have never gone beyond its borders. But to this day, if you know the old house and know the date, you can listen to the ghosts' supper!

BLACK means DEATH!

MY NAME IS HARRY WALTERS. THEY'VE ALREADY SHAVED MY HEAD AND CUT MY TROUSERS FOR THE ELECTRODES. IN FIVE MINUTES I'LL BE DEAD! AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR *HER* I'D NEVER BE HERE. I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, BUT LET ME TELL MY STORY...

FROM THE DAY I MET KAREN I NEVER HAD A MOMENT'S REST. SHE WAS BITTER, CRUEL AND DOMINEERING...AND I BORE THE BRUNT OF HER CONSTANT ATTACKS...

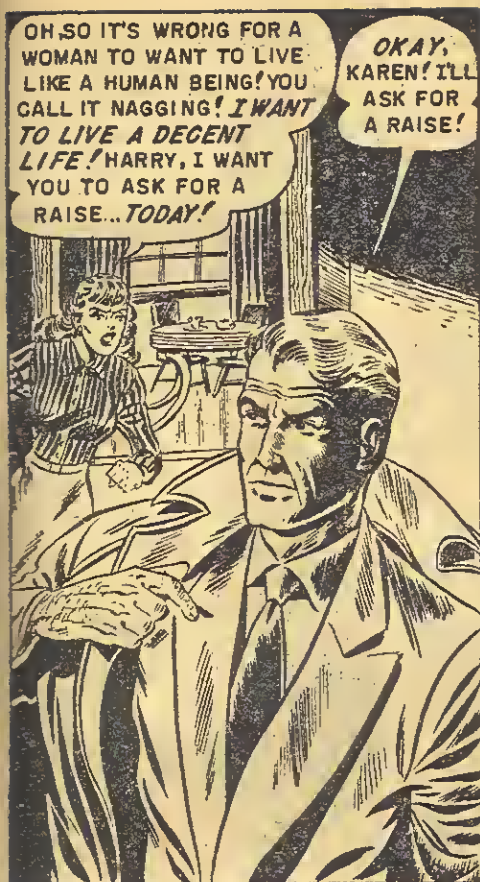
HELEN MARTIN JUST GOT A MINK COAT! EVERYONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OWNS A MINK!

KAREN, WE'VE GONE OVER THIS TIME AND AGAIN... I DON'T MAKE THE MONEY JACK MARTIN EARNS!

OF COURSE YOU DON'T! EVERY HUSBAND IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD BRINGS HOME A DECENT SALARY! BUT THEY COULD PAY YOU A DIME A WEEK AND YOU WOULDN'T COMPLAIN!

YOU'RE NOT A MAN!

CUT IT OUT, KAREN! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, STOP NAGGING!



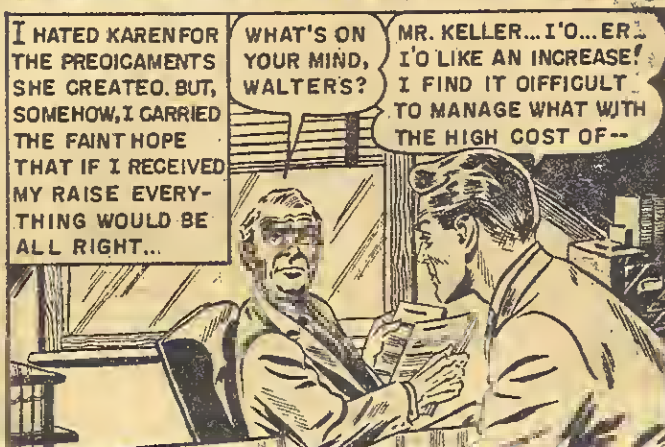
THAT'S THE WAY IT WENT. IF IT WASN'T MONEY, SHE'D FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT! KAREN DIDN'T TRY TO CONCEAL HER HATRED FOR ME...



I HATED KAREN FOR THE PRECIGAMENTS SHE CREATED. BUT, SOMEHOW, I CARRIED THE FAINT HOPE THAT IF I RECEIVED MY RAISE EVERYTHING WOULD BE ALL RIGHT...

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, WALTERS?

MR. KELLER... I'O... ER... I'O LIKE AN INCREASE! I FIND IT OIFFICULT TO MANAGE WHAT WITH THE HIGH COST OF--



OUT OF THE QUESTION, WALTERS! WE'RE LUCKY IF WE'RE *IN BUSINESS* TOMORROW! YOU SPEAK ABOUT HIGH COSTS! WELL, DON'T YOU THINK *KELLER, INCORPORATED* HAVE EXPENSES, TOO? SORRY, WALTERS! CAN'T DO IT!

TH-THANK YOU, MR. KELLER...

WHAT WAS I TO DO? KAREN WOULD NEVER ACCEPT THIS REJECTION. AND I DREADED FACING HER WRATH...

WHY DO THESE THINGS HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME?



WHEN FIVE O'CLOCK FINALLY ARRIVED, RATHER THAN GO HOME, I WANDERED INTO THE "BLUE DOVE", A LITTLE COCKTAIL LOUNGE I FREQUENTED...

HI, YA, MR. WALTERS!

HELLO, BEN! GIVE ME A DOUBLE OF THE STRONGEST STUFF YOU HAVE!



I SAT FOR A WHILE... MY MIND THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY! SUDDENLY I SAW HER!... I SAW KAREN!!

WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE! SHE DOESN'T SEE ME! MAYBE I CAN SLIP OUT!...
NO! I'LL FACE IT!



K-KAREN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

KAREN? SORRY, MISTER, MY NAME'S MYRA! I'M AFRAID I NEVER HEARD OF KAREN!



THIS IS REMARKABLE! WHY, YOU AND KAREN--THAT'S MY WIFE--CAN PASS FOR TWINS! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

I WISH I WERE KAREN! SHE'S A LUCKY WOMAN!



THE RESEMBLANCE WAS AMAZING! BUT IT STOPPED THERE, FOR WHEN MYRA SPOKE SHE WAS GENTLE AND GOOD... EVERYTHING THAT KAREN WASN'T. WE SAT AND TALKED FOR HOURS. I NEVER WANTED TO LEAVE HER...

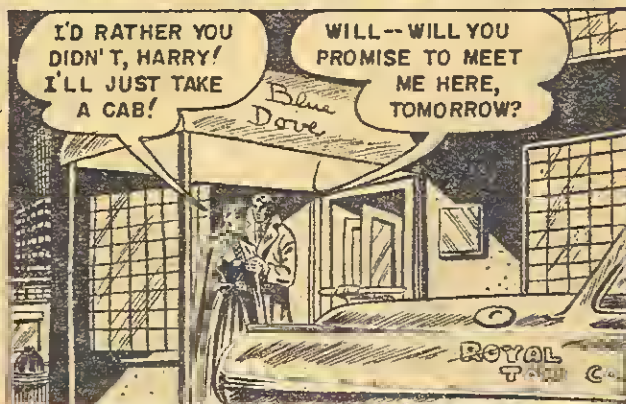
I'M AFRAID IT'S TIME TO LEAVE, HARRY! THEY'RE CLOSING UP!

MAY I TAKE YOU HOME, MYRA?



I'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T, HARRY! I'LL JUST TAKE A CAB!

WILL--WILL YOU PROMISE TO MEET ME HERE, TOMORROW?



YES, HARRY. I'LL BE HERE TOMORROW--SAME TIME!



THE MEMORY OF MARA'S KISS GAVE ME THE COURAGE TO GO ON...

WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT? I WAITED UP UNTIL TWO-THIRTY! DO YOU THINK WE CAN AFFORD TO THROW DINNERS AWAY? AND I SUPPOSE YOU DIDN'T GET THAT RAISE...

SHUT UP, KAREN... I'M TIRED OF YOUR NAGGING! LEAVE ME ALONE!



DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME!

YOU'D BETTER CHANGE YOUR WAYS, HARRY WALTERS! ... I'M WARNING YOU!

I DIDN'T MIND KAREN'S NAGGING, FOR I KNEW AT THE END OF THE DAY MARA WOULD BE WAITING FOR ME! I GUESS MY MIND WAS MILES AWAY, BECAUSE WHEN I LOOKED UP FROM MY DESK...

MR. WALTERS! FOR A MAN WHO ASKED FOR A RAISE, YOU'RE NOT VERY PRODUCTIVE! WE WANT YOUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION FROM NINE TO FIVE!

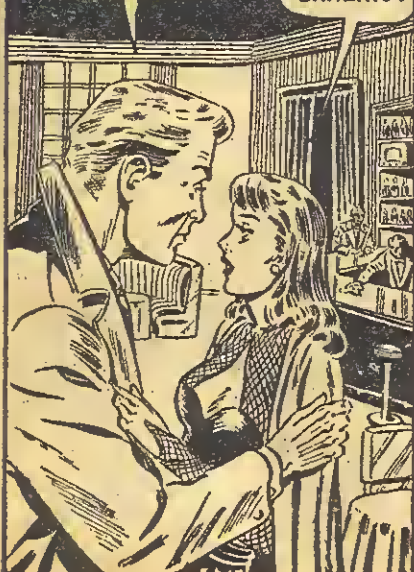
I'M SORRY, MR. KELLER!



ORDINARILY THE REPRIMAND WOULD HAVE WORRIED ME, BUT NOT NOW! THAT EVENING AT THE BLUE DOVE...

I DIED A THOUSAND DEATHS WAITING FOR YOU, MARA!

I, TOO, COULDN'T WAIT, MY DARLING!



THE NIGHT ENDED TOO SOON! MARA HAD TO LEAVE. SHE DID NOT LET ME TAKE HER HOME, AND ONCE AGAIN I WATCHED HER CAB LEAVE...



WEEKS WENT BY... I WAS HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH MARA. ONE NIGHT I GAVE HER A DIAMOND WATCH... THE RESULT OF WEEKS OF SAVING...

MY WIFE HAS ALWAYS WANTED A DIAMOND WATCH AND A MINK COAT! DEAREST, YOU WILL GET THE MINK COAT VERY SOON! BECAUSE IT'S YOU I LOVE, MARA!

THIS IS BEAUTIFUL, HARRY!



HARRY, SOMETHING MUST BE DONE! I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! YOU MUST DIVORCE YOUR WIFE, AND IF SHE DOESN'T CONSENT... THERE ARE OTHER WAYS! BUT IT HAS TO BE DONE! I MUST HAVE YOU FOR MYSELF!

YES, MARA, ...THERE ARE WAYS...



AS USUAL, MARA DIDN'T ALLOW ME TO TAKE HER HOME. I STOOD ON THE DARK CORNER AND HER WORDS BURNED THROUGH MY BRAIN...

MURDER!!



IT HAD TO BE PLANNED VERY CAREFULLY. I WAITED UNTIL FRIDAY WHEN I USUALLY MADE A TRIP TO THE BANK FOR THE PAYROLL. I WALKED SILENTLY INTO THE HOUSE AND UP THE STAIRS...



I FOUND KAREN IN OUR BEDROOM. SHE DIDN'T SEE ME. I MOVED UP SWIFTLY FROM BEHIND HER AND THEN... I STRUCK!!

AA AGAARRHH!

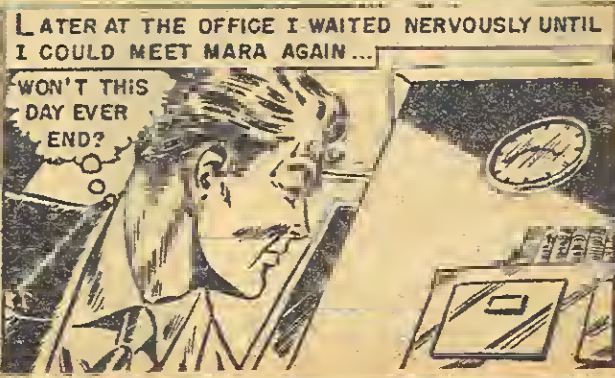


THEN I HAD TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A BURGLARY. I RIPPED THE ROOM TO SHREDS!



LATER AT THE OFFICE I WAITED NERVOUSLY UNTIL I COULD MEET MARA AGAIN...

WON'T THIS DAY EVER END?



THAT EVENING, I RAN DOWN TO THE BLUE DOVE, BUT MARA WASN'T THERE...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HER? SHE'S OVER AN HOUR LATE! SHE'S NEVER KEPT ME WAITING BEFORE!



THEN IT CAME TO ME! I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE... I HOPED I WAS WRONG! I LEFT THE BLUE DOVE IN A RUSH OF ANXIETY...



I DASHED HOME AND WAS SOON IN MY BEDROOM. I LOOKED INTO THE CLOSET, HOPING AGAINST HOPE... BUT IT *WAS* THERE!!



THE BLACK DRESS!
MARA'S BLACK DRESS!



KAREN AND MARA WERE ONE AND THE SAME!... KAREN'S HATE FOR ME WAS SO STRONG SHE HAD DECEIVED ME INTO *MURDERING* HER! MY LIFE WAS OVER... IT WASN'T WORTH LIVING...

GIVE ME THE POLICE!



AND NOW THEY'RE STRAPPING ME INTO THE CHAIR. MAN'S LIFE IS SHORT... AND I TAKE THE MEMORY OF MARA, SWEET MARA, TO DEATH WITH ME...



THE SWITCH IS PULLED AND HARRY WALTERS IS NO MORE!

THE NIGHTMARE



OLD NATHAN FOXX--
FAMED PLAYWRIGHT WHO
HAD RETIRED FROM THE
THEATRE, WAS AWAKENED
ONE NIGHT BY A HORRIBLE
APPARITION THAT HAD PUR-
SUED HIM REGULARLY IN
DREAMS--BUT NEVER BE-
FORE SO HORRIBLY-- SO
FANTASTICALLY REAL!
THE MONSTER, SEEMINGLY
ENRAGED THAT NATHAN HAD
AGAIN ESCAPED BY WAK-
ING, VOWED THAT SOME
DAY HE WOULD CROSS THE
VOID BETWEEN SLEEP AND
CONSCIOUSNESS-- WHERE
THERE WOULD BE NO
ESCAPE--AND KILL HIM--BY
DRINKING HIS BLOOD!
SO BEGINS THE TALE
OF THE MOST PERFECTLY
CREATED AND MOST
HORRIBLE CHARACTER
EVER TO PLAY ON THE
STAGE...

**THE NIGHTMARE
OF NATHAN FOXX!!**

SHUDDERING, NATHAN ROSE TO
SPEND ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT
BROODING OVER A WAY TO BE RID
OF HIS CURSE..

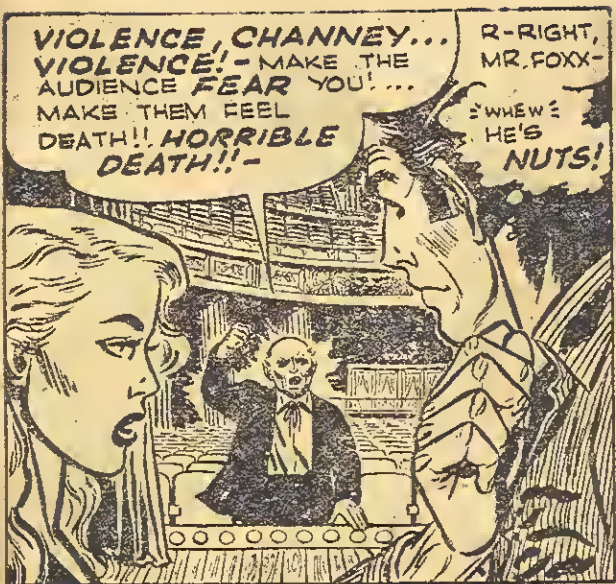


NATHAN FOXX
FELT THAT PER-
HAPS BY WRITING
A PLAY ABOUT
THE FIEND-- HE
COULD GIVE
ITS HAUNTING
MEMORY TO
THE AUDIENCE
AND NEVER
SEE IT AGAIN!
SO HE SET
TO WORK
FEVERISHLY
---NIGHT
AND DAY--



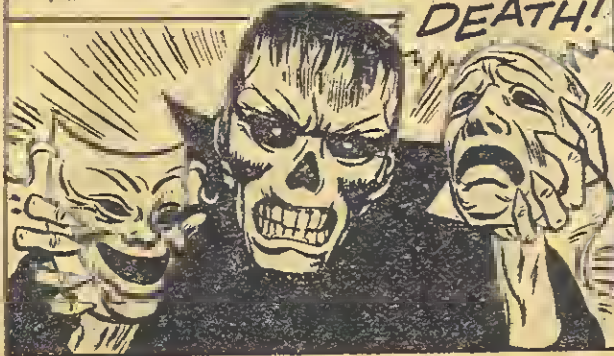
I'D GIVE MY VERY SOUL
FOR THIS TO SUCCEED!





SOON, THE PLAY WAS READY FOR THE PUBLIC! - PERHAPS IT WAS THE AURA OF MYSTERY IN THE SECRET REHEARSALS - WHETHER IT WAS THAT, OR NATHAN FOXX'S REPUTATION - THE HOUSE WAS SOLD OUT WEEKS IN ADVANCE: BUT -- AMONG THE FIRST-NIGHTERS WAS -

DEATH!



THE LIGHTS DIMMED... SLOWLY, THE CURTAIN ROSE, AND THE PLAY BEGAN! A HUSH COVERED THE AUDIENCE, AS NATHAN FOXX'S NIGHT-MARE CAME TO LIFE!...

THIS IS FRIGHTENING, JIM--



-AND DEATH CAVORTED ON A STAGE...



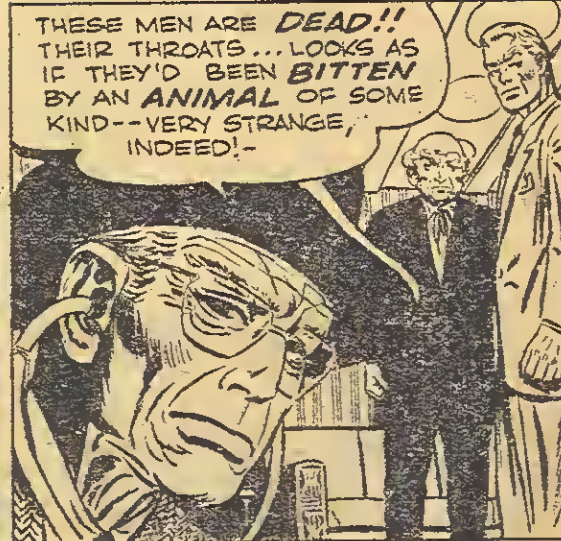
CHANNEY WAS **MAGNIFICENT!** HE GAVE A GREAT PERFORMANCE!... I **MUST** CONGRATULATE HIM FOR HIS EXCELLENT CHARACTERIZATION!!



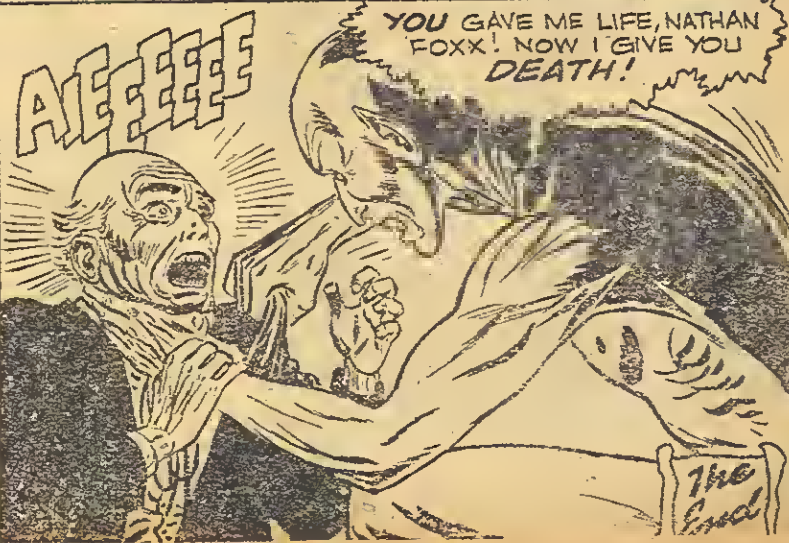
NATHAN FOLLOWED THE FLEEING FIGURE INTO THE DRESSING ROOM...



THESE MEN ARE **DEAD!!** THEIR THROATS... LOOKS AS IF THEY'D BEEN **BITTEN** BY AN **ANIMAL** OF SOME KIND--VERY STRANGE, INDEED!-



IT--IT **CAN'T BE!**-- THAT MONSTER... THAT **DEVIL WAS REAL!**-- A CREATURE OF MY MIND HAS COME TO LIFE! BUT--BUT THAT'S IMPOSS--



The End

WHAT WAS IT THAT DETECTIVE DAN NOREN SAW IN THE DIMLY-LIT HALLWAYS AND SHADOWS OF DESERTED STREETS? IT CONSTANTLY FOLLOWED HIM, MOVING WITH EVERY TURN, DIS-APPEARING WITH EVERY GLANCE! WHAT WAS THE FACE THAT HAUNTED HIS EACH SLEEP-ING MOMENT? THESE WERE THE QUESTIONS HE ASKED HIMSELF--UNTIL ONE DAY HE FACED THE CREATURE AND KNEW THEN THAT A HUNTER CAN BE HUNTED!

The GHOUL WALKS!



"I'M DAN NOREN OF HOM-ICIDE. THIS WAS QUITE A MURDER...THE GIRL HAD BEEN YOUNG AND BEAU-TIFUL--NOW SHE WAS SO HORRIBLE THAT I WAS SICK!"

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
NOTHING, CHIEF! BAD NIGHT, I GUESS...



"I FELT HANGOVERISH. I COULDN'T REMEMBER WHAT I HAD DONE THE NIGHT BEFORE. SWALLOWING HARD, I GRABBED THE CLUES FROM THE CHIEF AND MADE THE USUAL ROUNDS--ALL WITH THE SAME RESULTS..."



WHEW! WHAT A DAY! LET'S SEE...THE MURDERER'S ABOUT SIX FEET, 190 LBS --THE HEEL MARK WAS DEEP IN THE MUD...AND HE'S YOUNG--BLACK HAIR..YEAH, I CAN EVEN SEE HIS FACE!



"I SANK INTO TROUBLED SLEEP... THEN I WAS FLOATING--FLOATING TOWARD A SHABBY HOUSE WHERE A YOUNG GIRL SAT COMBING HER HAIR--THEN I SAW HIM!"

HA, HA, HA!

N-NO...PLEASE! EEEYAAH!



"HE CHOKED HER, LAUGHING ALL THE TIME! THEN HE SLOWLY TURNED AROUND AND LOOKED AT ME! I SCREAMED AND BACKED AWAY--FOR THAT FACE--WAS THAT OF A GHOUL!"

HA, HA, HA!



"WHEN I AWOKE IT WAS MORNING... AND SO IT WENT, DAY AFTER DAY. TWO MORE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED--TWO MORE GIRLS--AND I HUNTED THIS MONSTER WITH AN ANGER THAT WAS UNNATURAL!"

I'LL GET HIM! --THAT FIEND!



"I HAD BEEN TRACING A SET OF HEEL MARKS IN THE DUST OF A LITTERED BACK-ALLEY IN THE POOR SECTION OF TOWN WHEN I SPOTTED HIM! YES--THERE HE WAS--RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!"

HELP! HELP!

HA, HA!

GOOD LORD!



"I SLAMMED HARD AGAINST THE THIN WOODEN DOOR AND BROKE IN...THEN I WAS ON TOP OF THAT MISSHAPEN CREATURE--CRASHING MY FISTS INTO HIM--SLAMMING, SLAMMING!"

UGH!!

I'LL FIX YOU!



OH!...HE WAS WAITING FOR ME WHEN I CAME HOME FROM WORK...THAT FACE! THAT HORRIBLE FACE! IS...IS...HE--?

NO--NOT YET-- BUT HE WILL BE, MISS! CALL HEADQUARTERS... TELL THEM IT'S ALL OVER!



"THE NEWS ROCKED THE CITY! I WAS A CELEBRITY. EVEN THE CHIEF SLAPPED ME ON THE BACK..."

I'M PROUD OF YOU, BOY-- REALLY PROUD!

HEY, DAN--HOW ABOUT ANOTHER SHOT?

HA, HA...OKAY, GUYS--PUT ME ON PAGE ONE!



"I WENT TO BED THAT NIGHT AND SLEPT LIKE A BABY FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN WEEKS! I'D BE PROMOTED FOR THAT JOB! I REPORTED TO WORK AGAIN THE NEXT MORNING, BUT NOT BEFORE I BOUGHT MY USUAL PAPER..."

NO--OH,
NO!



"I STAGGERED INTO HEADQUARTERS, HEAD SPINNING, SENSES NUMBED...THE CHIEF TOLD ME WE HAD PICKED UP THE WRONG MAN! AGAIN, I TOOK UP THAT DEAD-END TRAIL, BUT THIS TIME, SOMEONE WAS FOLLOWING ME..."

IS...IS IT THE GHOUL?
NO, DAN--GET HOLD
OF YOURSELF, BOY...
JUST YOUR IMAGINA-
TION!



"BUT AS EACH HOUR PASSED, I KNEW IT COULDN'T BE MY IMAGINATION! I, THE HUNTER, WAS BEING HUNTED! WHERE WOULD HE STRIKE AT ME? I HID IN THE SHADOWS OF MY HALLWAY, WATCHING HIM SHUFFLE TOWARD MY ROOM..."

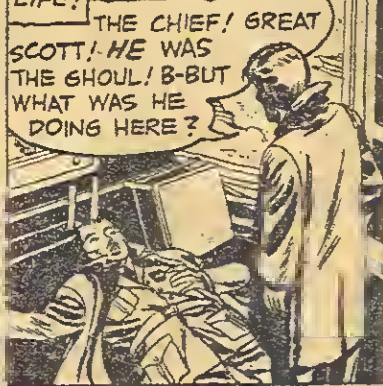


"I POUNCED ON HIM SUDDENLY, FEELING HIS FETID BREATH ON MY OWN HOT FACE--HIS CLAWS CLUTCHED AT MY EYES...I FOUGHT BACK SAVAGELY, VICIOUSLY, INSANELY!"

YOU WON'T KILL
ME! NEVER,
NEVER!



"HE WAS WEAKENING...I FELT IT--I SQUEEZED HARDER--HARDER...HE RELAXED AND FELL TO THE FLOOR. HE WAS DEAD...I SWITCHED ON THE LIGHTS--AND GOT THE SHOCK OF MY LIFE!"



"SUDDENLY, I SAW THE OPENED CLOSET, THE MUDDY SHOES! MY BREATH WAS COMING FASTER NOW...I LOOKED DOWN AT HIS FINGERS--THERE WERE STRANDS OF HAIR--BLACK HAIR--UNDER THEM!"

WHA--WHAT ARE THESE
THINGS DOING HERE? HE
BROUGHT THEM HERE!
WHY...WHY?



"THEN I WAS AT THE DRESSER, LOOKING, EXAMINING--AND THAT'S WHEN THE CHANGE CAME UPON ME...THEN I KNEW WHAT THE CHIEF HAD FOUND OUT--FOR STARING OUT FROM THE CRACKED MIRROR WAS THE FACE THAT HAD HAUNTED ME--THE FACE I HATED--"



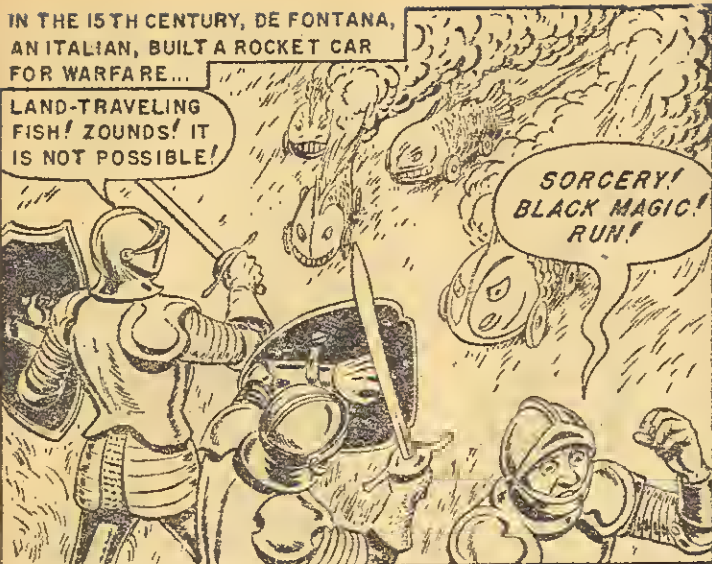
JET PROPELLED

OUR MODERN JET ENGINE IDEA ISN'T NEW BY ANY MEANS ... IN PRINCIPLE ITS AGE IS OVER 2000 YEARS ... AND DATES BACK TO A BRILLIANT MAN OF GREECE NAMED HERO ... WHO WE NOW SEE AS HE DEMONSTRATES HIS SMALL JET-ENGINE TO HIS AMUSED FRIENDS...



IN THE 15TH CENTURY, DE FONTANA,
AN ITALIAN, BUILT A ROCKET CAR
FOR WARFARE...

LAND-TRAVELING
FISH! ZOUNDS! IT
IS NOT POSSIBLE!



THIS ROCKET CAR WILL BREAK THE
DEFENSES OF ANY CASTLE IN THE
WORLD!

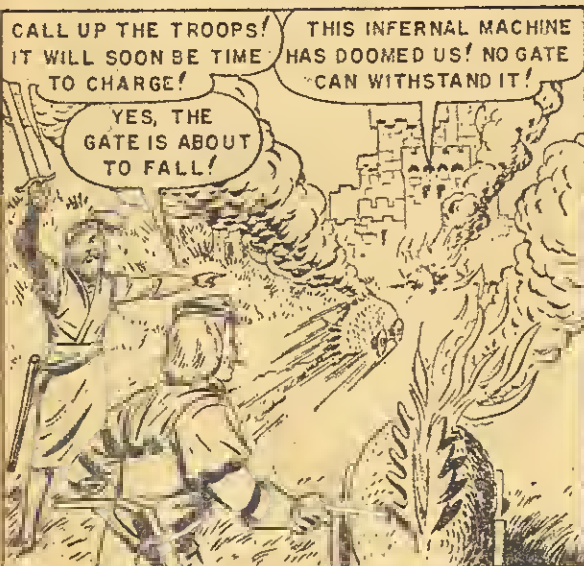
THAT TROUGH FILLED
WITH FLAMING PITCH
WILL BURN DOWN THE
STOUTEST GATE!



CALL UP THE TROOPS!
IT WILL SOON BE TIME
TO CHARGE!

THIS INFERNAL MACHINE
HAS DOOMED US! NO GATE
CAN WITHSTAND IT!

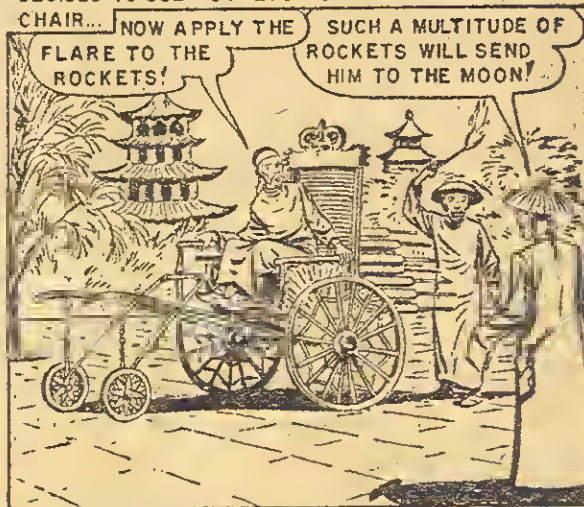
YES, THE
GATE IS ABOUT
TO FALL!



AT ABOUT THIS SAME TIME, A CHINESE SCHOLAR
DECIDED TO USE ROCKETS TO POWER A SEDAN
CHAIR...

NOW APPLY THE
FLARE TO THE
ROCKETS!

SUCH A MULTITUDE OF
ROCKETS WILL SEND
HIM TO THE MOON!



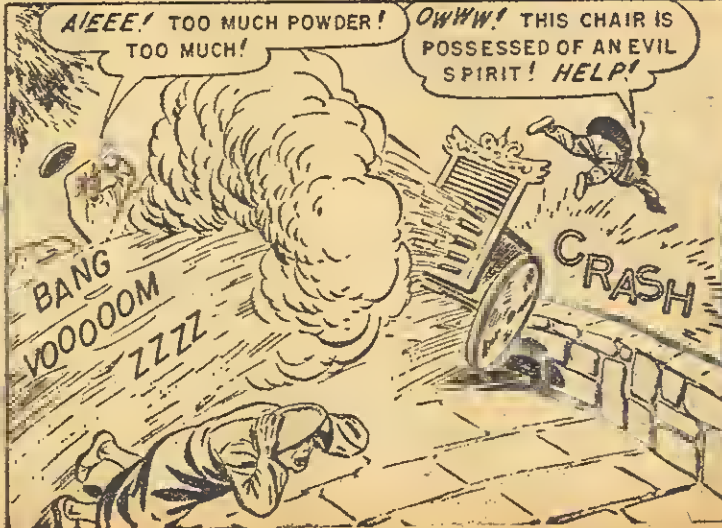
COME! FASTER!
FASTER!

BUT THERE ARE
SO MANY ROCKETS!
WILL THIS BE SAFE?
SO MUCH GUNPOWDER!

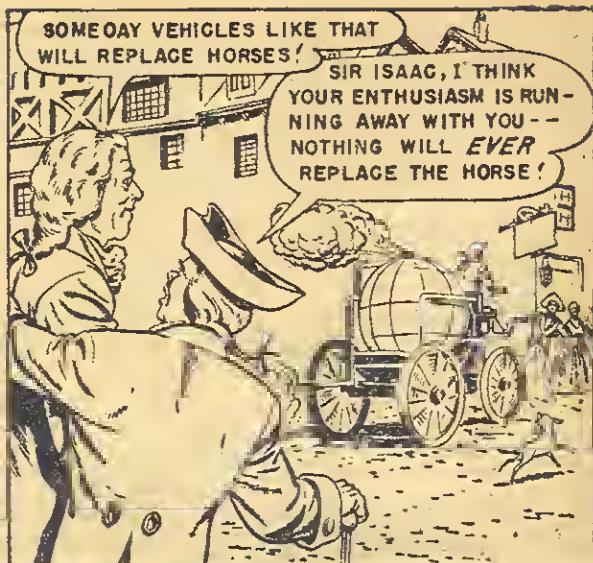
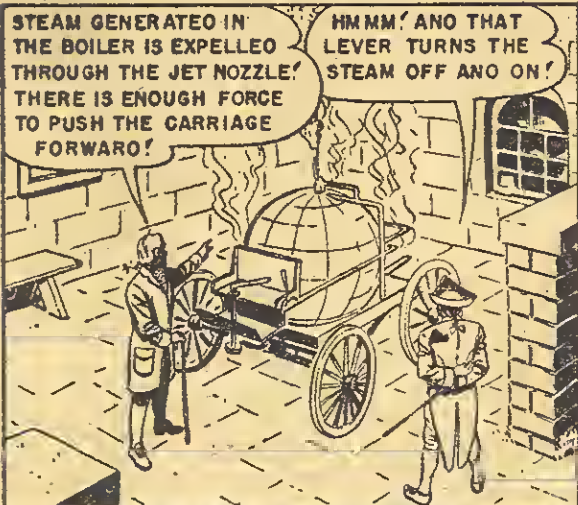


AIEEE! TOO MUCH POWDER!
TOO MUCH!

OWWW! THIS CHAIR IS
POSSESSED OF AN EVIL
SPIRIT! HELP!

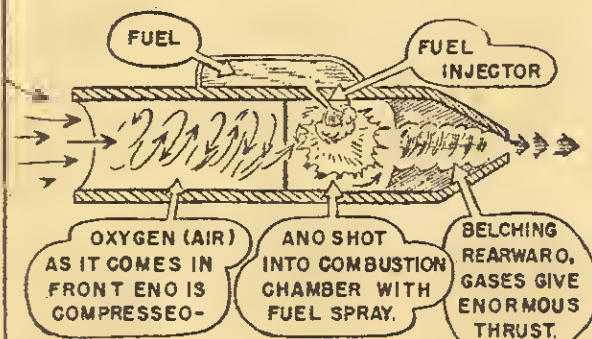


THE ENGLISH PHYSICIST ISAAC NEWTON HAD BETTER LUCK WITH HIS 17th CENTURY EXPERIMENTS...



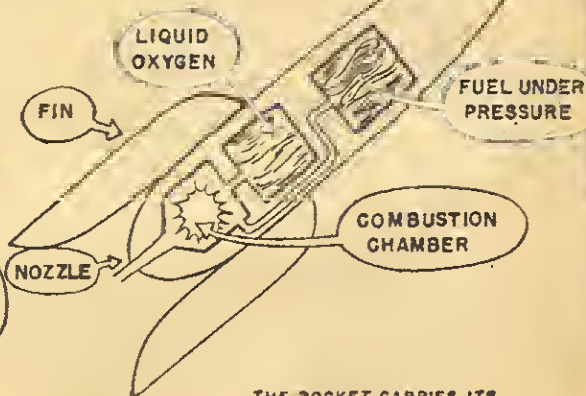
WHEN MODERN SCIENTISTS STARTED EXPERIMENTING WITH JETS AND ROCKETS, THE AGE-OLD PRINCIPLES REMAINED THE SAME...

JET MOTOR



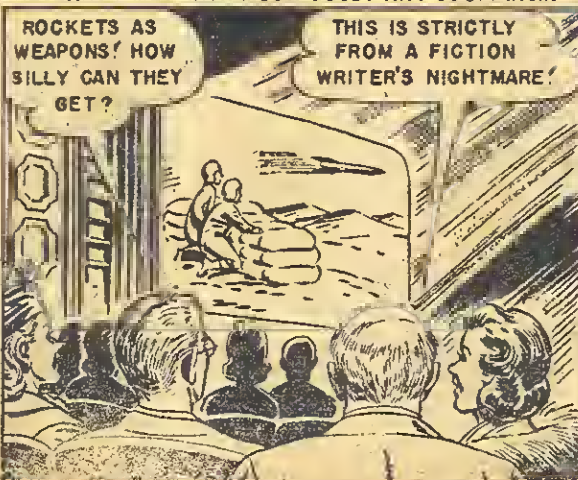
THE JET ENGINE OBTAINS ITS OXYGEN SUPPLY FROM THE OUTSIDE AIR.

ROCKET



THE ROCKET CARRIES ITS OWN OXYGEN SUPPLY.

EARLY PUBLICITY ON WORLD WAR II ROCKET RESEARCH MET WITH MUCH DOUBT AND SCOFFING...



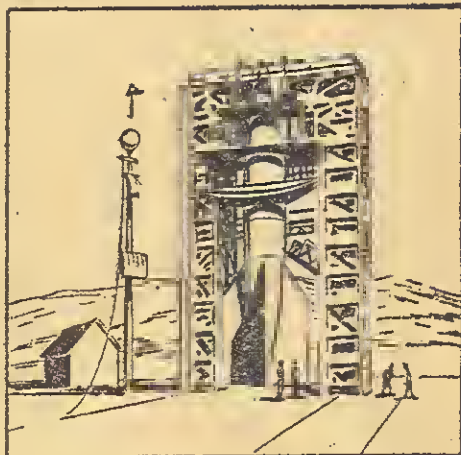
BUT SCIENCE QUICKLY PROVED THAT ROCKETS WERE NO FICTIONAL DREAM...



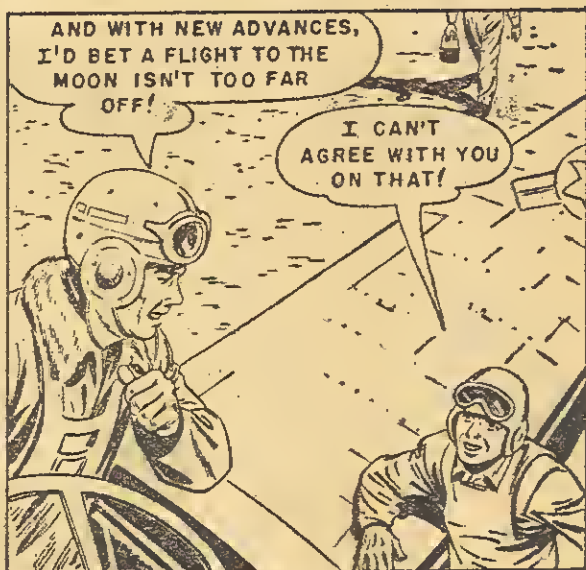
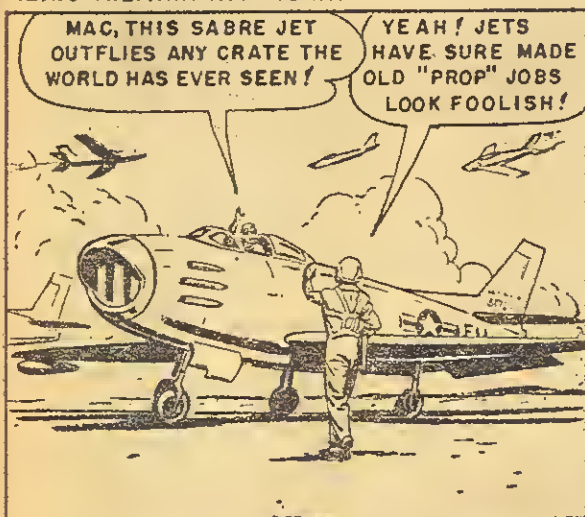
IN JUNE, 1944, THE GERMANS SENT THEIR FIRST JET-PROPELLED V-1 BUZZ-BOMBS AGAINST ENGLAND. THEN, LATE IN THE WAR...



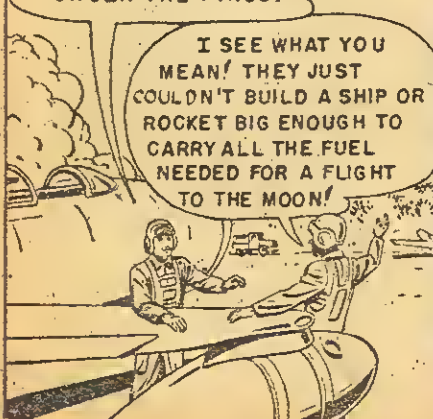
SINCE THE WAR GREAT STRIDES HAVE BEEN MADE IN ROCKET RESEARCH—AND THE UNITED STATES NOW LEADS THE WORLD IN ROCKET DEVELOPMENT...



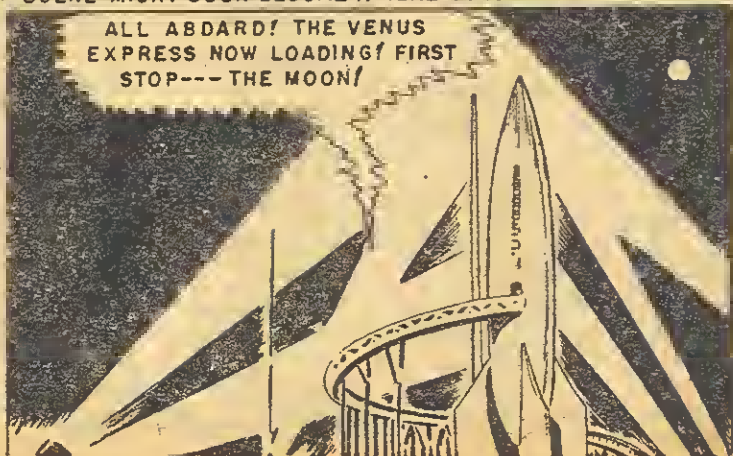
MEANWHILE, JET-PROPULSION IS REVOLUTIONIZING MILITARY AVIATION...



JETS BURN SO MUCH FUEL THEY HAVE TO CARRY AUXILIARY TANKS UNDER THE WINGS!



HOWEVER, WITH THE PROMISE OF ATOMIC POWER, THIS SCENE MIGHT SOON BECOME A REALITY...



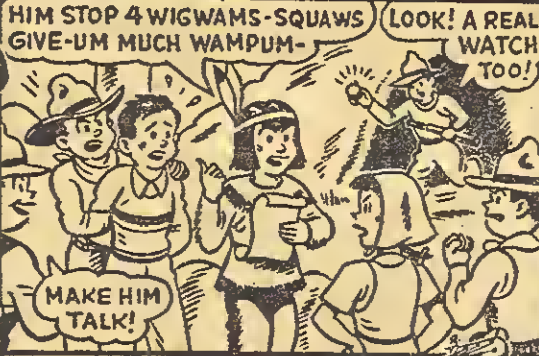
GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

How Gray Shadow Tracked Down the Mystery of Spike's Sudden Wealth.

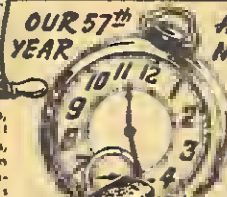


WE TRUST YOU!

22 Cal. Rifles, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid). Boys—girls Bicycles (Express charges collect). Write or mail coupon to start.



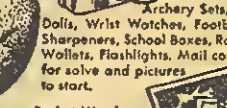
OUR 57th YEAR



Corn Poppers, Speedball, Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware, Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for salve and pictures to start.



Archery Sets, Dolls, Wrist Watches, Footballs, Pencil Sharpeners, School Boxes, Roller Skates, Wallets, Flashlights. Mail coupon for salve and pictures to start.



BE FIRST!

Pocket Watches, Coring Sets, Corn Poppers. Write or mail coupon to start. We trust you.

LET'S GO!



OUR 57th YEAR WE ARE RELIABLE!

YOU GET BIG CATALOG

Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent postage paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25c a box (with picture).

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 8-148, Tyone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME..... AGE.....

ST..... R. R..... BOX.....

TOWNE..... PHONE NO..... STATE.....

PRINTS LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today.



★ One of the many thrilling stories
in N° 12

★ We GUARANTEE the
Stories in this BIG 68
page chiller mag. to be
the most ASTOUNDING
you'll EVER READ !

**BLACK
MAGIC**
magazine



Science Fiction

The TOPS in Science Fiction

GALAXY —already established first-class literature by first-class writers. Science Editor, WILLY LEY runs your-questions-and-his-answers-department—whatever you ask, if it has an answer—LEY knows it.

AMAZING STORIES —More of the unusual in Science Fiction, each issue is full of exciting literature from the cover picture to the time the next issue is out!

IF —All Science facts and fiction with a new approach. Everyone thinks sometime or another "If . . . !?" and that is exactly where IF takes over.

Fantasy Fiction

WEIRD TALES Welcome to the haunts of ghosts, goblins, were-wolves, vampires—everything, in fact or fantasy, which is unusual and bizarre.

FANTASTIC —and a better title it is impossible to find, these stories couldn't be true—could they? Well, what are you looking at us for—read them and judge for yourself!

BEYOND Fantasy Fiction—the UNEXPECTED in all things—a magazine that believes all things possible except one—that anyone could find BEYOND unexciting.



1/6 All the above titles are price 1/6d. and will appear regularly on all the best bookstalls and newsagents' counters from SEPTEMBER onwards.

1/6

Printed for and Published by
The Arnold Book Company
2 Lower James Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.